

JACK McAULIFFE, EX-PRIZEFIGHTER, TO WED MAY YOHE

Affinities of Twenty Years' Standing Tell of Long-Delayed Romance.

WILL TEAM ON STAGE.

Actress Says She Has Abandoned Her High Speed Temperament.

May Yohe, who put Cupid over the jumps in her Lord Francis Hope-Putnam-Bradlee-Strong matrimonial center, has roped Kid Bros again and is about to enter into a matrimonial contract with Jack McAuliffe, a one-time slugger of eminent note.

The Yohe-McAuliffe romance broke into bud on the vaudeville circuit. There enters into the romance the phase of delayed matrimony, for the couple met twenty years ago and just missed reaching the high altar of Hymen by a head.

MET TWENTY YEARS AGO AND WERE ENGAGED THEN.

"We got as far as an engagement," explained Mr. McAuliffe today, "that is, a sort of mutual agreement, but, in a way of speaking, no forfeits were posted and there were no articles signed regarding weights and gloves."

Jack smiled wistfully and murmured, "Ah, but then was the happy day, and it was only twenty years ago that I was designated by Harbinger Fate for a final hitch we'd both avoided a heap of trouble and heart burnin'."

"May has been mixed up with kings and queens since I first asked her, so I suppose it'll be pretty hard for her to come down to Jacks. However, as I've always told her, Barkis is willin'."

Miss Yohe talked of her coming marriage in the same wistfully sentimental strain.

"There was a lot of class to the Hope diamonds," she said, "but I'd only known that the glitter would soon dim and the glory fade I would have missed some fearful heart burnin'."

"I've been married for twenty years, but what can I cash in on it to-day. There's another Lady Hope and three kiddies and I'm a worse back number in the hoodlum than an ex-president is in politics. As for J. Strong, but what's the use discussing the tragedies of your young life. I ought to be glad I'm alive after all I've been through."

HAS TONED DOWN HER HIGH SPEED TEMPERAMENT.

"Love is a queer thing," Miss Yohe continued her soliloquy. "You've got to get along in life before you can take a dose of it and not see double. It don't pay to have a lot of temperament in your nature if you let yourself take a sprint along the love route before you've got your wisdom teeth. Temperament is a bad thing."

"I had a three-speed temperament and didn't slow down for crossings. I couldn't control my gears, you might say, and the natural consequence was that I got run away with. But now my heart is beating on two cylinders and I've got double emergency brakes. Jack has tamed down his engine, too, and we ought to ride safe and gentle through the dodging years. I guess there's something in that soul mate idea, after all, for twenty years back I picked Jack for the Truly Only, and now after all this stormy weather we've both been battlin' on we drift up to the same dock."

Miss Yohe and Mr. McAuliffe plan a double hitch arrangement in connection with their other matrimonial plunge. They will team up in vaudeville as well as in domestic happiness, and they are both rejoiced to announce that they will be billed as headliners.

DYING TWO DAYS ALONE AMID MANY NEIGHBORS.

Priest and Policeman Find Inspector McNamara Helpless on Stairs of Flatbush House.

Friends of Bartholomew McNamara, a Customs House Inspector, learned today of his death in the Queens County Hospital yesterday, after he had been taken from his home at No. 131 East Twenty-second street, Flatbush, yesterday morning. While alone in the house he was stricken with the fatal trouble on Thursday and his sufferings were so great that he was unable to summon aid.

Neighbors noticed that McNamara failed to appear Friday or Saturday. Mrs. McNamara was at Far Rockaway and her husband had intended to join her yesterday.

Unable to locate Mrs. McNamara, the neighbors called on the Rev. Father John T. Wood, pastor of the Holy Cross Roman Catholic church, who went to the Flatbush police station, Patrolman Hanna and the priest traced the door of the McNamara house, and McNamara was found unconscious on the stairs.

The surgeons who administered to the dying man said that he had probably suffered excruciating pain for two days, his pain being so acute that he was unable to do more than drag himself to the stairway, where he was found.

Women in To-Day's Parade Marching for Equality in Work, Pay and Ballot

Black Triangles Recall the Unpunished Deaths of Comrades in Factory Fire—Trades Union League's Part in Display.

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

Five hundred women are marching today in the fourth division of the great Labor Day parade. The marchers represent the Women's Trade Union League and their affiliated organizations of girls in twenty-four different trades.

Besides the battalion of women marchers who carry the blue and yellow banners of the league, there is a float whereon two young women in classic draperies and Greek filets present a tableau of Life and Labor. Two trucks carrying the prize bouquets of the various organizations are a part of the novel pageant of women workers. And perhaps the most interesting feature of this triumphant march of working women, textile workers, neckwear makers, gold-leaf layers, accountants, hat trimmers, commercial telegraphers, etc., is that banners, shields, costumes and everything connected with their part of the parade were made by the young women themselves.

In the headquarters of the Women's Trade Union League, at No. 43 East Twenty-second street, they have been at it hammer and nail for the past two weeks tackling squares of yellow satin on the frames which are held aloft today, and which proclaim in large blue letters the slogan:

EQUAL WORK. EQUAL PAY. EQUAL SAY—VOTES FOR WOMEN!

Other motives of similar purport rise from the marching ranks. "Do you want clean factories? Organize!"

"Do you want fair wages? Organize!"

"Do you want fire protection? Organize!"

BLACK TRIANGLES RECALL THE FIRE HORROR.

Here and there in the field of flaming yellow banners a triangle of black satin strikes a note of tragedy, recalling to that profession of vigorous young women the memory of more than a hundred comrades who met a frightful death in the Washington place fire. "Remember the Triangle fire!" says the warning legend on the sable banners.

"The Women's Trade Union League and its affiliated societies represent 25,000 organized working women in New York City," she told me Saturday. "There are twenty-four different trade unions associated with the League's work and we hope to have 500 members of these various organizations in line. All the members of the League's executive committee who are in touch with the work will be our vice-presidents. Miss Leonora O'Reilly and Miss Rose Schneiderman, Miss Elizabeth Dutcher, Mrs. John L. Elliot and Mrs. Lillian Heaffey."

Miss Parks was hammering away at a yellow banner, which bore the now familiar appellation of "Votes for Women."

FAVORS SUFFRAGE, BUT THAT IS NOT PRIMARY OBJECT.

"The League is for suffrage of course," she said, "but its primary purpose is to promote organization among working girls, to show them that the trade union offers the only hope for better conditions of labor and fairer wages. Last year 200 women marched in the labor parade, but then we were in a white heat of excitement and agitation following the cloak makers' strike, and we will be doing remarkably well if as many girls turn out today."

But they are marching, nevertheless, keeping step with the men workers and demonstrating to the idle onlooker, who, perhaps, isn't interested, that woman in industry has come to stay.

In the march of these women the enthusiasm is not the ebullient, all-outgoing, and to come, the jubilant exultation of those who work and walk with men, shoulder to shoulder, who have turned their backs on the narrow doors of sex privilege and walked out upon the high road of opportunity.

In Persia this week a session of parliament committed treason, lese majeste and blasphemous charges by suggesting to his brother members that after all it is possible that women have souls, and such was the commotion created by his words that his remarks were stricken from the record.

In Turkey the Sultan's reputation of woman and girlhood is so great that he is promised to do what he could to promote the welfare and liberty of his feminine subjects—a unparalleled performance in Moslem history.

It is a far cry from these fatal allusions of emancipation in the heavy-lidded Orient to the self-respecting, self-sustaining young women in New York's labor market. But whether it is written in Persian, Turkish, or on the banners of the Women's Trade Union League, the handwriting on the wall holds the same prophecy.

HOLD POSTMASTER-BANKER.

Sabow Charged With Swindling as Side Line of Stamp Selling.

In West Side Court today Magistrate Krotzel held for thirty days, awaiting extradition papers, Louis Sabow, thirty-two years old, former postmaster of Chicago, N. J., who obtained his office with receiving money from neighbors as a banker. Sabow was arrested Saturday night in the Hotel Astor.

Assistant Public Prosecutor Russell E. Watson of Middlesex County, N. J., told Magistrate Krotzel that the Grand Jury of Middlesex County would meet tomorrow and an indictment would, he believed, be found on many charges. The specific charge on which the New Jersey warrant was issued was that of Nicholas Major of Chicago, that Sabow had swindled him out of \$700.

40 CONEY ROWDIES SENT TO JAIL OUT OF 110 ARRESTED

Magistrate Dooley Backs the "Strong Arm" Police to End Vicious Hoodlumism.

SUBWAY THUGS SQUEAL.

Workhouse for Sunday Outing Pests in Spite of Pleas for Mercy.

Magistrate Dooley devoted his entire time today in Coney Island Court to disposing of 110 prisoners arraigned on charges of disorderly conduct arising from rowdism last night in the home-guard round crush at the Culver Depot of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. Up to noon fifty cases had been disposed of. The Court sent forty of the prisoners to jail to serve five-day terms and fined ten \$5 each.

The proportion was kept up in the afternoon. About four out of five arraigned were sent to jail.

"The time has come," said the Magistrate, "for the adoption of drastic measures to suppress hoodlumism at Coney Island terminals. For the benefit of the immense crowds that will swarm to the island during the coming carnival, I want it to be known that men and boys who slug and trample and climb through the windows of cars are going to jail." STRONG ARM SQUAD MAKES A NEW RECORD.

Last night's harvest of prisoners gathered by the "Strong Arm" squad on duty at Coney Island beat all records. Before midnight 125 prisoners were in the Coney Island police station and the overflow was sent to Sheepshead Bay and Bath Beach. In addition to the 110 arraigned today in Coney Island Court there were other arraignments in Flatbush and South Brooklyn.

The prisoners ranged in age from eighteen to fifty-five years. Most of them were young foreigners, scarcely able to speak English. They pleaded the rules to kick people in the face and chest while climbing through car windows in order to get seats on outgoing trains. Magistrate Dooley recommended to the representatives of the B. O. T. V. in court that they place in the Culver Depot and other terminals signs in Yiddish and Italian as well as in English warning passengers against wild climbing and other tactics.

All the prisoners pleaded not guilty and demanded trials. The only offenders allowed to pay fines were persons who could show that they were not residents of the city and were unfamiliar with the police rule that the strong arm not climb over, kick, gouge and generally maltreat the weak in boarding railroad trains and trolley cars.

SCOOPED HOODLUMS FROM INSIDE CARS.

The prisoners were arraigned in batches of five. The "strong arm" men, because of their method of working last night, "had the goods" on all their captives. Their system was to allow the hoodlums to crowd and slug and climb through the windows until, with much shouting and yelling, they had grabbed seats. Then the policemen, holding back the orderly passengers, would enter the trains and grab all the "strong arms," as those who lost the seats by climbing through the windows are called.

"This sort of thing is becoming unbearable," said Magistrate O'Connor, in Centre Street Court, when young Joseph Monibardi, of No. 78 King street, was arraigned. "It is impossible for a man to take his family for a Sunday outing without being annoyed by a lot of unprincipled young rascals like you. There is only one way to stop you and your kind. Five days in the workhouse."

Monibardi, well primed with liquor, took the municipal ferryboat Queens from Staten Island last night. He threw camp stool about and made himself a conspicuous nuisance until Detective Coakley collared him.

Ten rowdies were arrested on Broadway subway trains south-bound from Van Cortlandt Park last evening and sent by Magistrate Krotzel to the workhouse for five days each. Four, who were well dressed, begged vainly for fines that they might not lose their positions.

The prisoners were Stephen Massa, McKinley avenue, Louis Ruzma, No. 92 McKinley avenue, and Louis and Joseph Palla, No. 15 Miles street, all of Yonkers; Julius Saldan, No. 61 West One Hundred and seventh street; Benjamin Blakeman, No. 391 West One Hundred and thirtieth street; Henry Glasser, No. 4 West One Hundred and seventh street; David Newman, No. 130 West One Hundred and Twelfth street; and Emanuel Goldberg, No. 38 Ludlow street.

Magistrate Krotzel fined five young men arrested on a Clason Point trolley car \$10 each.

ADMITS KILLING EMPLOYER

Springfield (Conn.) Slayer Caught as He Tries to Get Drink.

Special In the Evening World: SPRINGFIELD, Conn., Sept. 4.—After spending the night in the woods, Joseph Heider, who shot and killed Patrick Foley, his employer, at Springfield early last evening, was caught today by Clifford Matthews, a local mill owner, when the slayer went to Matthews's mill for a drink of beer.

"How is Mr. Foley?" was Heider's first question of the police, and when informed the slayer was dead he collapsed. Later he said he had not intended to shoot Foley, but had aimed at a cat.

Chief of Police Brennan said Heider had made a full confession of the shooting.

Stenographer Who Eloped and Gave Film Firm Employers a New "Plot"



SADIE HARRIS

\$25,000 ROBBERS VAINLY SOUGHT ON SCOTLAND YARD TIP

Moving Picture Girl Gives Firm a Film Romance

Police Also Looked for Johnny Dalton on Adriatic, but He Wasn't There.

Treasurer and Miss Harris Step Out, Wed. Then Wire for Honeymoon Funds.

When Lieut. Dominick Riley and six detectives from Police Headquarters went down the bay last night seeking criminals reported to be on the Adriatic, they were not only looking for two men who were supposed to have committed a \$25,000 diamond robbery in London, but they thought they had a chance to get Johnny Dalton.

Dalton, known in Chinatown as "Jackie"—a pet name bestowed by his mother and retained by his east side companions—is wanted in connection with the holding of a stuns game in second avenue and the murder of Dr. Frederick Eugene Post, the "chinatown dentist," who was killed March 7 during a controversy over a girl.

Today, after the detectives had reported to Inspector Huggins that they had been unable to find any of the suspected persons on the Adriatic, it became known in a letter dated June 20, H. L. McNaughton, assistant commissioner of New Scotland Yard, asked the New York police to identify Harry Grace, George Raymond, James Ryan and James Monroe four men who were arrested near the grand stand at Epsom Downs.

From finger prints the New York police identified Grace as Johnny Dalton and Raymond as Charles Connors, a Chicago crook known as "Big Wagon" Connors. They did not know the other two. The four men were released on the other side, and Aug. 21 a despatch from New Scotland Yard told the New York force that Fred Rose and another man, who were wanted for pulling off a \$25,000 diamond robbery in London, were on the Adriatic. The despatch added that Johnny Dalton, wanted by the New York force for murder, was with the other two.

The local police do not know anything about the London robbery, and they say the cases against Dalton are by no means conclusive. They got no trace of the men sought.

DOG BITES BRAVE GIRL FIVE TIMES IN FIGHT.

Miss Wilkie Lashes Animal With Whip, Has Wounds Dressed, Then Seeks Brute's Owner.

Miss Elsie Wilkie, eighteen years old, left her home, No. 212 East Seventy-third street, to walk today, with six boxes, to the city hall, where a big mongrel suddenly attacked her dog. Before it had a chance to bite Fenelope Miss Wilkie gave it a lashing with her whip that sent it howling away.

But the mongrel returned, leaped at the girl and bit her hand. She continued to strike the dog with the whip until a negro man ran out of a house, seized the dog and disappeared.

Miss Wilkie's wounds—the dog had bitten her five times—were dressed by a nurse. Then she went with a policeman through the city hall where it was thought the negro who seized the dog lives. But there could be no trace of the dog, although it is well known in the neighborhood and has been the subject of numerous complaints.

Newspaper Delivery Manager Dead. John Fisher, the manager of the City and County of the delivery department of the Evening World for twenty-two years, died today at his home, No. 34 East One Hundred and Fifty-sixth street, of pneumonia of the liver. His widow, three daughters, two sons and a brother, William Elsie, in the City Finance Department, survive him.

Patriarchs Fight Over the Price of Prayers for Dead

Hired Mourners Visit Police Court Before They Make Seventh Day Invocations.

Possibly the fact that it was Labor Day had something to do with the decision reached today by certain members of a group of paid orthodox Jewish mourners, who were on their way to a house of mourning to offer up the seventh day prayer. For they concluded that inasmuch as the family was well-to-do, the mourners should demand \$1.00 for their services instead of the \$1.50 they ordinarily receive.

This decision did not meet the approval of eight-five-year-old Hirsch Kopolowitch, leader of the group and a patriarch with a long flowing beard. He stopped his followers near the house of the dead at Madison avenue and One Hundred and Fourth street and argued with them.

"Old ways are the best ways," he said. "It would be wrong to make a change." Seventy-five-year-old Adolph Lissauer of No. 114 Madison avenue, another mourner, stepped up and looked the ancient leader in the eye.

"We shall be paid for our hire," he said. "What these people can afford. They are wealthy and we are poor. We must ask the increased price."

Hirsch Kopolowitch grew very angry at this and he raised his cane. Adolph Lissauer also raised his cane. The others tried to intervene, but before they could stop the combatants, the two canes had descended and Lis-

sauer's had been smashed on the wrist of Kopolowitch. Policeman Buddmeyer happened along just then and arrested Lissauer on the complaint of his antagonist. The latter's wrist was treated by Dr. Ritter of Harlem Hospital. But when he reached Harlem police court he backed down from the charge of assault he had made.

"I will be just to this man," he told Magistrate Appleton. "If Your Honor will let us go we will all seek this house and pray."

The Magistrate consented to a withdrawal of the charge, but two antagonists shook hands and the whole party filed out to visit the house of mourning.



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